AN EDITOR DISGUSTED.

The Recent of Base Ingratitude Ruins a Man Who Boomed a Town.

Aubridge R. Veckler, who, some time ago—owing to his influence in journalism—was spoken of a candidate for Secretary of State, is disgusted. While in Little Rock, a few days ago, Veckler showed such signs of dissatisfaction that a friend, approaching him, said:

"Colonel, you don't appear to be pleased."

"Not by a thundering sight."

"What's the matter?"

"Crushed, crushed to the earth by the base ingratitude of a man whom I thought was my friend. You know that I, a few weeks ago, was the editor of the West Sapling *Twig*, one of the most prosperous weekly papers in Arkansaw."

"Yes, but do you not still own the paper?"

"Wait," the Colonel impatiently demanded. "My friend learn this, that while I am in the process of narration no one must disturb me. I may be erratic, but by the flinty wrinkles on the horn of Adam's off ox, I am just." The Colonel folded his arms, bowed his head in striking imitation of an actor overdoing the role of approaching despair, and began to walk to and fro; while his friend, having nothing to do but wait, waited. "A few weeks ago," the Colonel continued, "my prospects were bright indeed, but ingratitude, base and festering with corruption, dragged itself into my house. It all came about in this way, my good friend," said the Colonel, discontinuing his dramatic walk and seating himself on a rustic bench. "Albert Packings, the founder of West Sapling, induced me to start a newspaper in the town. I did so. I invested my all, and the *Twig*, rosy with the blood of life and bright-eyed in merriment, made its appearance. My prospects improved from week to week until I had a circulation of three hundred and twenty-four copies; I had, my dear friend—may justice, seated on the throne of eternal right, wither all my earthly aspirations if I did not, after awhile, print three hundred and twenty-four copies. Albert Packings seemed to be delighted with my success, and often would he come into my office at night—an office which I rented from him—and ask my advice concerning municipal matters. He came once too often; alas! once too often. One night I sat alone, engaged on an article entitled 'The Courtesies Which Should Exist Between Nations.' I enjoyed writing, oh! so much. You know that I used to run a feather-bed renovator, but steaming feathers never did occupy my entire mind. Not so with writing, for the pen opens up the entire domain of thought. I had just begun to grabble down among the fine roots of my subject when Packings entered. I greeted him pleasantly and bade him take a seat at my right hand. He did so. 'Colonel,' said he, 'nearly every town in the South is on a boom, and I have been thinking that we ought to do something to boom West Sapling. Our location is fine and a few articles written in the interest of our city will induce people to come among us and invest their money.' The idea was plausible," the Colonel continued, "and, throwing aside my half-finished article on 'The Courtesies Which Should Exist Between Nations,' I bent myself to the work of booming the town. I wrote one article on our mining prospects, one on our manufacturing advantages and one on the liklihood of our town becoming a railroad center. When the paper came out Packings was delighted, and showed his appreciation by giving me a few points to work up. Well, I kept hammering away until, sir, people began to inquire about our town; more than that, several men came in and began to buy up lots. Then every man who had a lot for sale doubled his price. I was delighted—until I received another call from Packings. He came at night, while I was engaged on an article entitled 'Secure a home in West Sapling!' 'My dear Colonel,' said he, 'the boom has struck us. Shake.' I shook hands with him. 'Yes, sir,' he continued when he had released my hand, 'this town is on the up-hill road to prosperity. I have demands for all my lots and, by the way, the boom has affected your office.'

"'How so!' I exclaimed.

"'You have been paying me seven dollars a month rent.'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, in view of the fact that there is now such a demand for houses I'll have to raise your rent to ten dollars per month.'

"I gazed in stupid astonishment, hoping that he might be jesting, but he laughed in cruel glee, and said: 'My dear Colonel, to-morrow will be the first of the month, and unless you can pay me ten dollars in advance for the next month, I'll have to ask you to vacate immediately.' I told him I would do so, thinking that I could get another house, but I went all around town, only to find that my articles had been the means of a ruinous advance in rents. At last I went back to plead with Packings. 'Colonel,' he said, 'in consideration of the fact that you had much to do with bringing this boom about, I would let you have your old office at nine dollars per month, but the fact is, I rented it about half an hour ago to a young fellow who is about to start an immigration paper.' I hurried away from Packings, for I knew that if I remained much longer in his presence I would choke him. The fellow who rented the house insisted upon immediate possession, and as the rapid sentiment of the awakened town would not countenance delay in such matters, I moved my material out into the street. About a half hour later, a team of six mules, attached to a heavy wagon, ran away, struck my press, broke it all to pieces, scattered my type and—well, demolished all my prospects. My dear friend, you now know why I am disgusted."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

CRUELTY OF WOMEN.

A Subject Which Demands the Attention of the Modern Educator.

Woman merits the world's love and admiration, and in her highest estate she will always be the ideal of painter, poet, novelist, and of society in its best condition, and yet it must be confessed that there is a cruelty in woman which demands much attention from the modern educator and from the penal code of the State. The Illinois Humane Society is met constantly by the awful fact of the cruelty of that being for whom any working-man will rise and give up his place in the car. He is right in doing it in the name of the noble ones of the sex, right in acting in the name of his mother or sister, but so far as the particular woman is concerned, he may have given his place to a being who whipped her child half to death before she left home, or will whip it when she gets back from her street-car excursion. To knock a child over is quite a luxury to many a female to whom man gives his place in the street-car.

The Chicago Humane Society has recently brought into the city a little twelve-year-old girl whose life for a year or two would make a good page in "Dante's Inferno." She was sent out to a family which dearly and tenderly desired to adopt some friendless child and give it the blessing of home. To the music of "Home, Sweet Home" the child went out to this paradise in the country. The husband and wife who received the charge proved to be church members of the kind who are not saved by works. Whether at family worship the deacon sang that night the hymn—

"A charge to keep I have,"

and whether the little stranger found on her bed-room wall a motto, well framed and expressing a desire to have God bless our home, has not yet appeared in the evidence, but it is dreadfully certain that the child did not find any bed-clothes, or clothes for herself, but she found heavy farm work to do before day and after dark, out in the fields, when the temperature was far below zero; she found abuse indoors worse than the weather without; no trace of humanity from the Christian woman, and by a kind of poetic justice, when our Humane Society found the little victim with her hands and feet swollen to double size from freezing, the angel of the house was off at church!

Now this is the kind of woman whose neck a halter would be a kind of ornament. No Elizabeth collar would so become that part of womanly beauty. That neck is of no account in the world, there being no brain at one end and no heart at the other. The child, or, rather, the ruins of the child, are at a hospital here in the city.

Many women are wonderfully humane toward their gentleman friends, but heartless toward their own sex; hence, their kindness is not a culture nor a high nature, but the accident of the hour, only a form of gilt spread over tin, brass or pewter. The misers are not all of the musculine gender. Sometimes, under the handsome bonnet at the theater or the church, there beats a heart which has never revealed any form of mercy to animal or mankind.

It may well be hoped that such conduct is exceptional; but the point in debate is that this kind of severity is as common among women as it is among men. The word "woman" does not mean kindness. It should, and perhaps will, but the woman host is still on the march, and has not reached, by many a mile, that height of soul called humaneness. If Blue Beard was cruel, so was Queen Elizabeth; if Captain Kidd was a pirate, Kate Bender was quite as ready to kill a man for a few dollars. We all love the dear, good women when they are educated and refined and would rather permit a mouse to escape than to kill one; but we do not desire to be blinded to the fact that woman can sometimes equal man in meriting a good hanging.—*Prof. Swing, in Chicago Journal.*

Horses Killed by Mercury.

A recent visitor to a Mexican silver mine relates that he was shown a mass of mercury, weighing two pounds, taken from the stomach of a horse that had worked in the *patio*. He says: "In this primitive Mexican process, which seems to be well suited to the wants of the country, the ground ore, or silver mud, is mixed with salt, mercury, etc. The horses that tread this mud for weeks, in order to mix the chemicals, attracted by the salt, lick the mud, and take in the poisonous quicksilver. This, accumulating in the system, finally kills them. I was informed that the bones of these animals are ground up, in order to obtain the mercury in them."—*Science.*

—Omaha Man—"My dear, that new girl has got to go." Omaha Dame—"You must be crazy. She's the best girl we ever had, so quiet and respectful, and such a cook." "No matter, she isn't honest." "We can afford to lose a little sugar or tea now and then, dear. Perhaps her folks are very poor." "That isn't it. I saw her early this morning creep into our room, take my purse out of my pocket and nearly empty it." "O! well, may be its only habit. She's been married, you know." *Omaha World.*

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

The Urgent Necessity of Legislation on Matters Relating to the Nation's Wards.

A Washington correspondent recently transmitted the general statement that the number of the Indians in the country was yearly increasing, and that, too, at a rate which makes it more imperative than ever before to inaugurate and have some intelligent legislation affecting their support and their relationship to the Government. This estimate of the numerical strength of the red man was so contrary to the prevailing public impression, that the correspondent was asked for more particular information concerning the matter, and the documents which he has forwarded in response to that inquiry apparently prove the correctness of the statement that while there is no very rapid increase of Indian population, there is an increase which is gradual and steady. Previous to 1874 the records of Indian population in the United States were fragmentary, incomplete and conjectural; but in that year, or in 1873, a pretty reliable count was had, and it is probable that in the later year there were in all sections of the country 240,000 Indians. The following table shows the increase since that date:

Yr.	Bths.	Dths.	Inc.	Yr.	Bths.	Dths.	Inc.
1875	1,989	1,601	288	1881	2,829	1,989	850
1876	2,401	4,215	186	1882	4,998	2,478	520
1877	3,442	2,781	661	1883	4,751	4,508	243
1878	2,941	2,219	722	1884	4,059	3,786	282
1879	2,855	2,025	827	1885	4,145	3,754	391
1880	3,430	2,020	1,410	1886	4,419	3,929	490

The annual excess of births over deaths has increased the aggregate of Indian population in the country until last year it reached the total of 247,761; and well informed historians estimate that there are more Indians in the United States to-day, by a very considerable number, than were here one hundred years ago. The figures are by no means unimportant, and they unquestionably give immediate pertinence to the movement for a better and wiser Indian policy than the Government has yet adopted or employed. They add great force to the argument in favor of granting the lands of Indian reservations in severalty and educating the red man into respectable and law-abiding citizenship and compelling him to adopt personal industry and thrift. The nation can not afford to foster an increasing tribe of paupers. It must put them into a condition of self-support, and firm and wise legislation is imperatively needed to that end.—*Detroit Tribune.*

THE KAISER'S REIGN.

Important Incidents in the Career of the Aged Emperor of Germany.

It was in 1806 that the French army under the first Napoleon, took possession of Berlin, not to be finally ousted until the decisive Waterloo in 1813. It was at this period that Prussia's beloved Queen Louise retreated to Koenigsberg, on the eastern border of the realm, with her two sons, who were afterward to become Frederick William IV., and the present Kaiser. No great doubt that his mother instilled into him the debt which she personally owed to the French and Napoleon, and which he was to partially repay in 1870. It was then on the first day of 1807 that he entered that army which he has gradually brought to its present incomparable perfection. Then came the accession of his brother, in 1840, precisely a century later than that of the great Frederick, bringing with it revived hopes, which were not to be realized. The King was more *dilettante* than soldier or statesman. The demands for a constitution and scenes of 1848 were only surpassed in madness and violence. William must spend some years in England in a state of semi-exile. But five years later he was again in Berlin, now as Prince Regent, in which capacity he was to govern the state during the years of lingering illness of his childless brother. In 1861 he became King in name as well; fought with Denmark and added Schleswig and Holstein to the Prussian State; decided the future Kaisership by an appeal to arms with Austria; and finally brought his perfected army organization against Napoleon III., the result of which was the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and his crowning, as Kaiser of a once more united Germany, in the old French capital of Versailles. The result of the past fifteen years has been to develop his capital from a provincial to a metropolitan city; to increase its population from some seven or eight hundred thousand to a million and a half; to give it the second position on the continent.—*Cor. Charleston News.*

Not Checkered, But Striped.

Visitor (to convict in penitentiary)—Are you undergoing punishment for your first offense.

Convict (not without pride)—No, sir; I've been up sever'l times afore.

Visitor—Ah. Then your career must have been a very checkered one?

Convict—No, my career has been a very striped one.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dr. Edward E. Hale's list of novels that have "been of use to him in the formation of character," given in his "Books That Have Helped Me" article in the March Forum: "Robinson Crusoe," "Helen," "Deerbrook," by Miss Martineau. "Jane Eyre," "Coningsby," Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe," Miss Warner's "Wide, Wide World," "Pride and Prejudice," Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and "Pendennis," "or any other Thackeray you choose."—*Boston Globe.*

—Von Moltke is a good chess player, but not nearly as good as Bismarck, who has often beaten him at the game.

CARROT RAISING.

A Root That Is Likely to Become the Favorite Food for Horses.

During the past few years carrots have proved to be one or the most profitable crops raised in the vicinity of Chicago. They are used for feeding horses in the city, and the demand for them is annually increasing. Last fall many car-loads of carrots were brought to this city from Wisconsin. Horse-keepers who commence to feed carrots rarely ever discontinue their use. They state that one feed on carrot each day affords an agreeable change from a diet of dry hay and oats; that they form a good substitute for green fodder, and that they enable horses to digest their other food. Horses that have a daily feed of carrots invariably have a glossy coat of hair, that greatly improves their appearance. The horses themselves have done much to increase the demand for carrots, as they soon show a preference for them. Animals that have been accustomed to eating carrots for some time and are then deprived of them will make an effort to take them from gardeners' wagons whenever they pass them. In the opinion of many carrots will soon form a part of the daily ration of horses kept in large towns. If their feeding value, as determined by analysis, is not as great as that of hay and oats, their respective prices being taken into consideration, they hold that they increase the value of the latter by being eaten in connection with them.

According to the chemists five pounds of carrots contain as much nutriment as one pound of oats. The stomach of a living animal and not the laboratory of a chemist is the place for determining the feeding value of any kind of food, for that shows what proportion of it is digested. Agricultural chemists have recently had much to do in determining the kinds of food that can be fed to farm animals to the best advantage. Their investigations, however, are entirely theoretical. They show the amount of food material a given article contains, and not what proportion of it is digested and converted into fat and muscle. Many articles are used as food for human beings that would have very small value given to them by an operator in a chemical laboratory. Fortunately for those who sit at their tables, chemists are not employed by the keepers of hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses to decide on what is proper food. It is only our "poor relations" that live in barns and stables who have their food selected for them on strict scientific principles. Possibly the time is not distant when the tastes of animals will be observed by persons who have charge of them, and that they will be allowed, under suitable restrictions, to select the articles they will eat.

The quantity of carrots that can be produced on an acre of ground will largely depend on the amount of fertilizers that are placed on it, the labor spent, and the distance the rows are apart. A gardener and seed-raiser in Eastern Massachusetts claims to have raised nearly forty tons of carrots on an acre of land to which a large amount of commercial fertilizers was applied, and which was cultivated by hand. An Ohio farmer states that "one thousand bushels of carrots are as easily attainable as one hundred bushels of corn." This yield would amount to twenty-seven and a half tons per acre. But it is not easy, though it is possible, to raise one hundred bushels of corn on an acre. Most farmers are satisfied if they raise fifty bushels of corn on an acre, and they will be content with 500 bushels of carrots. These would weigh 27,500 pounds, or 13¾ tons, reckoning 55 pounds as the weight of a bushel of carrots. This is about the average crop raised in the vicinity of Chicago, and the ordinary price is $10 per ton, delivered at city stables. Of course, considerable hand labor is required to raise a field of carrots, but most of it, which consists of weeding and thinning the growing plants, can be performed by persons who can not perform hard work in the fields. The amount of labor necessary to produce a crop of carrots will depend largely on the condition of the soil in respect to mellowness and freedom from the seeds of weeds and grass.

The soil intended to produce carrots should be deep, rich and finely pulverized. The manure applied to it should be well rotted and thoroughly incorporated with the soil. The surface of a carrot-field should be nearly level, for if it is uneven the seed will be likely to be washed out of the high places if heavy rains occur after sowing. The soil would also be likely to be washed away from the young plants. The straighter the rows are the more easily can the work of cultivation be performed. Carrots are better adapted to our climate than turnips and beets are, as their roots grow entirely in the ground, where they are protected from the heat of the sun. Large and excellent crops of turnips and mangolds are only produced with certainty in a country having a moist climate, like England and Holland. For a country subject to drought roots that grow under ground and whose leaves lie near the surface are preferable. The leaves supply a living mulch, which keeps the soil tolerably moist, even when the sun is very hot and there is a lack of rain. Carrots are not likely to be injured by insects, as turnips are, and they are subject to no disease. They are easy to dig, clean to handle, and when fed to most kind of stock do not require to be cut. The leaves are readily eaten by sheep, and they can be converted into excellent ensilage.—*Chicago Times.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

NICE KIND OF A COWBOY.

Oh, it's fun to be a cowboy,
With a woodshed for your tent,
And a grass-plat for your prairie;
Then with swagger, free and airy,
Wild and thrilling the adventures we invent!

For our herd, we've three stray kittens,
And a broom's our trusty gun;
When a wily, prowling savage—
That's a post—attempts to ravage,
To attack him from our ambush, is such fun!

Then our lariat's a clothes-line;
How we gallop up and down
On an old bench, for a mustang!
How we hurrah while we just hang
To its sides, and fiercely yell, and storm the town.

Clothes-pins in our belt for pistols,
Woe to any game we meet!
When the dinner-bell is sounding,
Back to mother we go bounding—
Even *real* cowboys have to stop to eat!

Oh, it's nice to be a cowboy!
Nice to have our home so near!
Then a mother's good-night kisses,
When one's tired, one never misses!—
Real cowboys go to sleep without, I fear!

—*George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent.*

HIS FIRST GUN.

Story of a Boy Who Got What He Wanted, But Expected Too Much—How the Rabbits Were Killed.

I had been wanting a shotgun for three or four years—desperately wanting one. I had even gone so far as to ask my father's permission to buy an old musket, worth nothing, although I did not know it at the time. It was an old, rickety, powder-burnt concern, worth about twenty-five cents; and its owner taking advantage of my eager desire to possess a gun, caused me to believe it was worth five dollars, a sum which I agreed to pay, upon condition that I succeeded in obtaining my father's consent.

My father happened to be familiar with guns, and knocked the whole arrangement in the head. "Besides you are too young to have a gun," he would say, "you are too small potatoes to even look at a gun."

My boyish hopes were thus prostrated, only to swell again the moment I caught sight of a gun. Every time I saw a man carrying one, I was thrown into a perfect frenzy.

I always wanted to borrow the gun. If the owner would not lend, to buy it, and if it could not be bought, to fire it off. I always met with refusal. I remember going one day two miles through the rain to borrow a gun, and was refused, the owner declaring that he wanted to kill a "mess" of squirrels that afternoon. But I afterward learned that he had no intention of going hunting. I remember the event vividly as though it were but yesterday.

I called at the man's house, wet to the skin, and inquired for J——. In answer to my inquiry, Mrs. J—— said he was at the stable "watching for rats." How my heart bounded! "I will get to see a rat shot," I thought as I hurried to the stable. "Perhaps he will let me shoot one," and this last thought quickened my steps.

Arriving at the stable I opened the door, entered, and upon Mr. J——'s motion to be quiet, crouched down in a corner and waited patiently for, at least, three hours.

I was so eager that I supposed I must have seen a dozen rats, and kept wondering why he didn't shoot, although Mr. J—— declared that he didn't see a single rat!

I have related this in order to illustrate my eager desire to possess a gun and make myself a hero by killing something. Every time I went to town I bothered the hardware man, who would stimulate my desire to the highest pitch by long and fascinating eulogies on his old pot-metal artillery. So things proceeded in a similar manner for three or four years, before my father consented to get me a gun.

Has any one of my readers ever realized a long expectation?

Has any one of you ever obtained a long-sought-for and much desired something? Oh! rejoice with me, experienced reader, for my joy was as boundless as limitless as the ocean current.

I was so wild, so enthusiastic that I could think and talk of nothing but the coming gun, which had been ordered, and was, I supposed, already on the route. My father feared my brain had become unbalanced, and threatened to revoke his promise, which greatly alarmed and quieted me. He told me that I was too eager; that I was expecting too much; that I was doing to much bragging; and he predicted that I would be unsuccessful in the art of gunning. Of course all my companions were made aquainted with the fact that I was to have a gun.

And what pleasure I experienced in relating to them an exciting, imaginary chase, similar to those I soon expected to be a participant in!

Well, to be brief, my gun came; but it was not as nice as I had expected. Instead of a neat, handy little gun, as I wanted, it was a monster, weighing twelve pounds. As the hunting season had arrived, I begged that father would not sent it back, and he consented

A snow was falling on the very day I received my gun, and had not ceased at nightfall.

What fun I anticipated for the morrow. "This is happening just right," I thought. The rabbits will suffer tomorrow!"

I went to bed early, but was so excited I could not sleep. I know every hour that passed; counted every stroke of the old clock; and when the faithful old time-piece announced the hour of five I jumped from my bed.

I ate breakfast at six that morning, and long before the east began to "kindle," I was out in search of rabbit tracks. The snow had ceased falling sometime during the night, after it had covered the ground to a depth of six or eight inches. The snow was shining brightly and I set out for the "creek bottom," which was, as I conjectured, literally covered with rabbit tracks. This "bottom" was some distance from the house, and, carrying my heavy gun and trudging through the deep snow had the effect of fatiguing me greatly, by the time I arrived there.

Well, to make a long story short, I found no tracks in the "bottom," but, not becoming discouraged, sought another field of operation with like result, and then another, thus walking through the snow all that day, going without my dinner and catching no rabbits. As I was going home that evening, I met my father, who was carrying half a dozen rabbits, and when he told me he had killed them with his cane my pride fell to the lowest pitch. That evening I was wretched, and discouraged, and tired beyond description. Do any of my little readers begin to see a lesson to be learned from my first experience?

I learned a very important lesson from it. In fact my first experience has been, and will continue to be, a great help to me. The moral which I have drawn from it is: "Never count your chickens before they are hatched."—"*J. M. J.*," *in Toledo Blade.*

A PATRIOTIC SPEECH.

How a Young Lady Presented a Flag to a Company of Boy Soldiers, and What Became of Some of Them.

In the chapter of "The Fairport Nine" relating to the military company of boys, it is told that those young heroes had a standard presented to them. Now this actually happened. Our boys' company was called the Hancock Cadets, the county in which our town was situated being Hancock. The name of the town is Castine, not Fairport as in the story. There were twelve of us, and great was the success of our little band as "trainers."

On the Fourth of July, 1840, the flag was formally presented to our company by the big sister of one of the private soldiers. As I was standard-bearer, it became my duty to receive the banner and make a speech. Our noble young captain drew us up in line before the great front door of the house in which lived the young lady who was to present the flag to us. Accompanied by a bevy of her blooming companions, the young lady came out on the top step, with great dignity, and delivered the following address:

"Young soldiers, it is with pleasure that I meet you on this glorious day, so dear to every patriot, and present to you a standard, whose Stars and Stripes will show you that it is the true American Flag. If, whenever you march beneath it, you remember those brave men who, under such a standard, fought so long and nobly for our independence, and determine that when a time of danger shall come you will defend your country with firmness and courage like theirs, I can ask no more of you as New England soldiers!

"I do not wish you to love war. True glory can be gained only when we fight for freedom. But I wish you to love your country! Read the history of Washington, the Father of his Country, and of the other heroes who fought the battles of the revolution. And read, too, of those who, like the illustrious Harrison, have in later times defended our land against its enemies. Read the lives of such men, I repeat, and endeavor to be animated by their spirit! And I would have you learn more of your country—what a broad and beautiful land it is, and how worthy to be a patriot's home. The more you learn of it the dearer it will be to you; and you should become more earnest to do all in your power to make it free and happy. I wish you to believe that bad citizens are the worst enemies of their country, for you will then be likely to grow up good citizens, and try to make others so.

"And now, after urging you once more to be always ready to protect every part of our beloved country, even to the remotest log-cabin that is built upon its borders, I will place in your hands the Star-Spangled Banner.

Forever float this standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

The blushing young standard-bearer received into his hand the Banner of of Freedom, and the captain ordered three cheers, which were given with a a will.

And now let me tell the sequel:

Of the handful of boys who stood around the little standard-bearer while that lesson was given to the miniature soldiers, one, the captain, fell in the siege of Port Hudson, a willing martyr to the cause of his country. Another, a private in the ranks, won in the army of the Republic a title and a name for courage and skill; and he was one of the party who regained their liberty by tunneling a passage out of Libby Prison. A third, also a private, went to the wars and, after renowned service, came home to spend his days in peace and honor. A fourth, the drummer of the Castine cadets, commanded in many a hard-fought naval fight, deserving well of his country—and, when peace had returned, he met his death by a sudden sinking of his ship, the man-of-war Oneida, and now lies in his lonely grave on the coast of Japan.

The lesson in patriotism was not in vain.—*Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.*

—That German who has invented a simple method of deadening the sound of the piano deserves a monument of solid gold. The contrivance consists merely of the application of fine flannel to the frame between the strings and hammers of an upright piano. The sound can be graduated at will without injuring the quality of the tone.